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THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT, IN THE PITCH BLACK, MY BLINDNESS WAS NOT A HANDICAP.
I COULD HEAR HER EVERY HEARTBEAT... THE ACCELERATION OF HER BREATH. I FELT HER EVERY MOTION AS IT DISPLACED THE AIR AROUND HER.
AND HER SCENT...
...I COULDN'T LOSE TRACK OF HER SCENT IF I TRIED.
BUT I WAS NEARLY INVISIBLE TO HER. HER DEAFNESS AND HER DEPENDENCE ON SIGHT WERE HER DISADVANTAGE.
AS I GET CLOSER TO HER, I REALIZE WHAT SHE HAS DONE.
THE SMOKE CLOAKS HER SCENT.
THE LOCATION SHE CHOSE... THE JACKHAMMERS, THE TRAIN, TRAFFIC, AND THE TELEVISIONS...
IT DROWNS OUT THE SOUND OF HER MOVEMENTS... HER HEART.
40% OFF
AUTHORITIES HAVE STILL FOUND NO SIGN OF BUSINESSMAN WILSON FISK SINCE HE WAS SHOT OFF A BRIDGE AND PLUMMETED INTO THE RIVER. SEARCH PARTIES HAVE LITTLE HOPE THAT HE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE FALL, AND HE IS ASSUMED TO HAVE DIED FROM EITHER THE GUNSHOTS, THE IMPACT, OR BY DROWNING.
AND THE FIRE...
...THE FIRE SCRAMBLES EVERYTHING ELSE.

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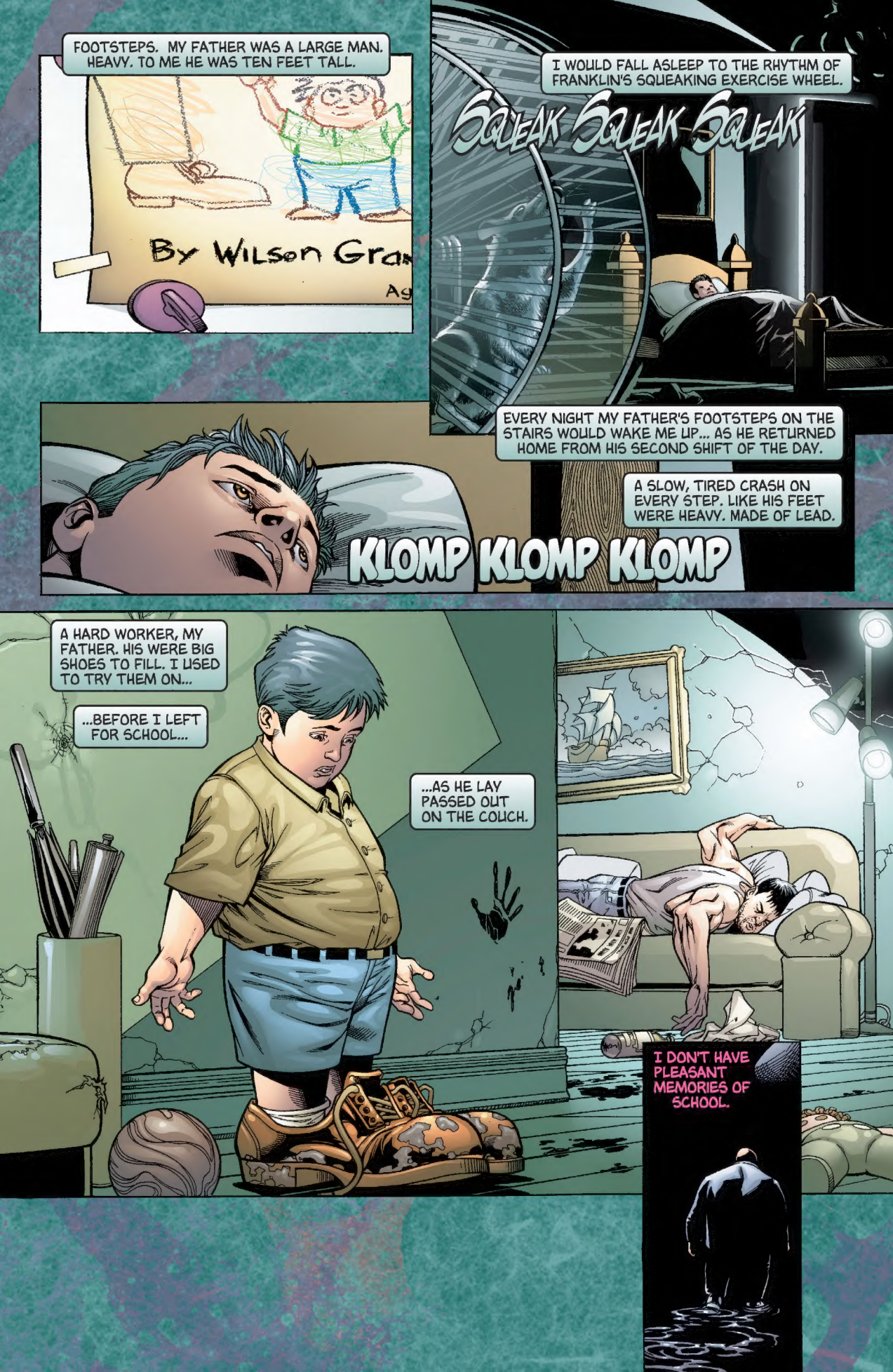
I HAVE TACTICS.
I HAVE STRATEGIES.
I HAVE VISION.
THERE IS NO PROBLEM THAT I CAN'T FIX... WITH MY HANDS.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IS COLD.
NO.
THAT'S BETTER.
SQUEAK
CONFLICT...
IT USED TO HORRIFY ME.
SQUEAK SQUEAK

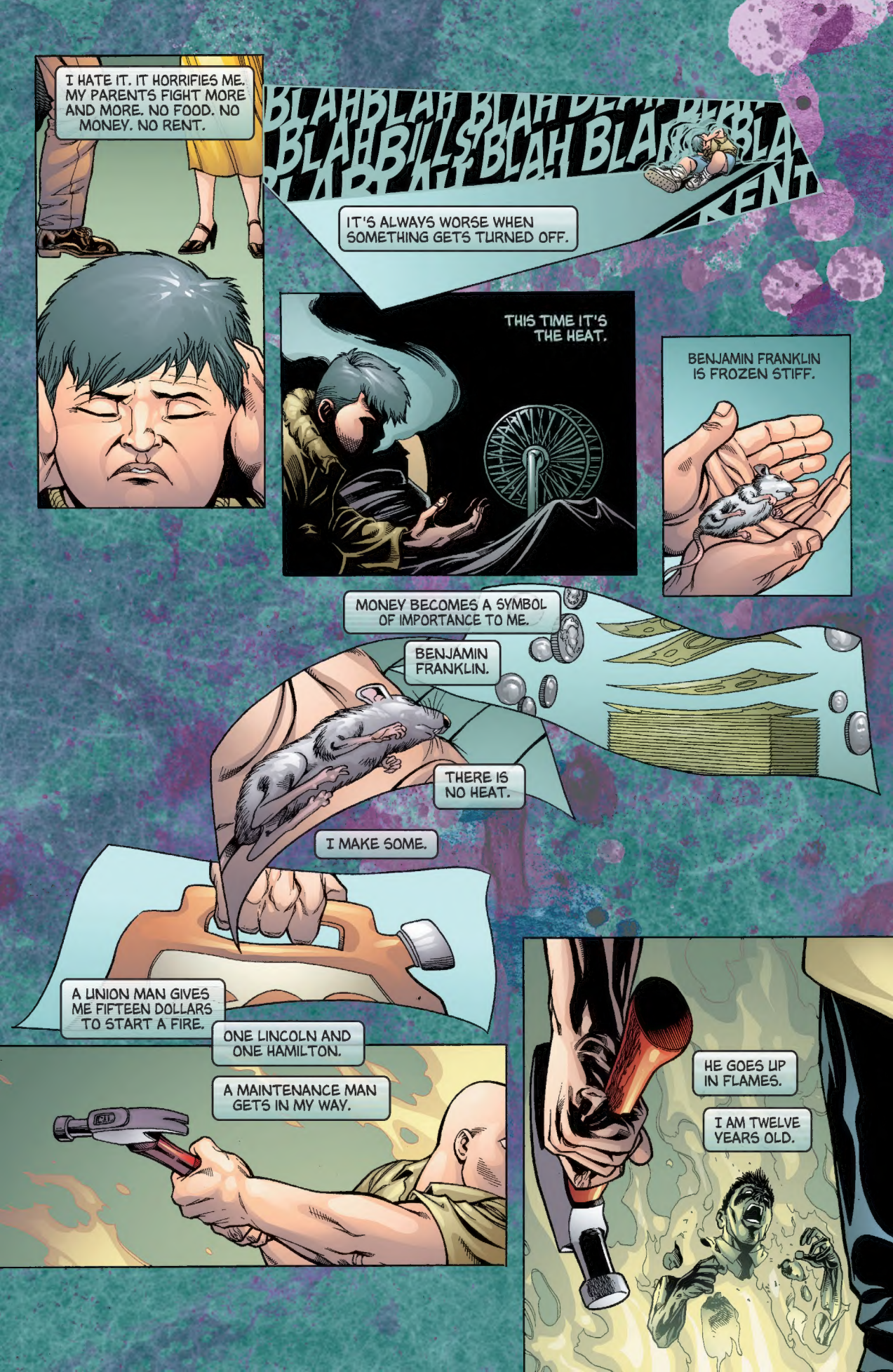
MOTHER GOES AT HIM FOR A WHILE. IT'S THE USUAL. NO MONEY. NO FOOD. NO RENT.
FAP
DAD TAKES IT QUIETLY FOR A TIME. BUT THE STORM CLOUDS ARE DARKENING.
THEN MY FATHER'S VOICE IS LIKE THUNDER.
WAP
HE GETS UP. AND STOMPS OUT. WHAT I REMEMBER MOST ARE HIS FOOTSTEPS.
AND NOW ON A&E BIOGRAPHY... THE RAGS TO RICHES STORY OF WILSON "THE KINGPIN" FISK.
THEY SHOOK THE HOUSE.


FOOTSTEPS. MY FATHER WAS A LARGE MAN. HEAVY. TO ME HE WAS TEN FEET TALL.
By Wilson Gra
I WOULD FALL ASLEEP TO THE RHYTHM OF FRANKLIN'S SQUEAKING EXERCISE WHEEL.
SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK
EVERY NIGHT MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS WOULD WAKE ME UP... AS HE RETURNED HOME FROM HIS SECOND SHIFT OF THE DAY.
A SLOW, TIRED CRASH ON EVERY STEP. LIKE HIS FEET WERE HEAVY. MADE OF LEAD.
KLOMP KLOMP KLOMP
A HARD WORKER, MY FATHER. HIS WERE BIG SHOES TO FILL. I USED TO TRY THEM ON...
...BEFORE I LEFT FOR SCHOOL...
...AS HE LAY PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH.
I DON'T HAVE PLEASANT MEMORIES OF SCHOOL.

WORST OF ALL WAS THE PLAYGROUND.
IT WAS HELL TO ME.
KRASH!
K-CHIK
I KNOW THAT YOU KILLED MY FATHER! FISK SHOWED ME THE PHOTOS OF YOU WITH THE GUN!
THIS IS CHOPPER TWELVE NEWS BRINGING YOU A LIVE FEED OF THE STRANGE FIRE IN A SCHOOL YARD. THE MORNING TRAFFIC IS MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR AUTHORITIES TO ARRIVE AT THE SCENE...
-- LARRY CEBULSKI, A FORMER CUSTODIAN TO THE FISK BUILDING, HAS ADMITTED TO THE SHOOTING OF WILSON FISK.
-- THE FORMER AVENGER KNOWN AS THE BLACK WIDOW WAS ADMITTED TO A HOSPITAL AFTER BEING POISONED...

By Wilson Grant Fisk
Age 5
MY MOTHER GAVE ME THE NAME OF TWO PRESIDENTS. ONE OF THEM WAS ALSO A GENERAL. SHE SAID IF I STUDIED THAT I COULD BE PRESIDENT, TOO.
LATER I DECIDED SHE TALKED ABOUT PRESIDENTS SO MUCH BECAUSE THEIR NAMES AND FACES ARE ON MONEY...
I'M HUNGRY.
...AND MONEY WAS SOMETHING WE DIDN'T HAVE.
ARM AND HAMMER.
& HAMMER
SINCE 1846
NO.
NOT YET.
I LEARN THAT MY MIDDLE NAME, GRANT, IS ON THE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL. I SAW THIS IN A BOOK. I HAVE NEVER SEEN THAT MUCH MONEY IN REAL LIFE. GRANT IS MORE THAN WASHINGTON, OR LINCOLN. BUT BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IS ON THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.
Blue Chip Rebellion
I NAME MY MOUSE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK

CONFLICT...
STANDARD
CLUB
BILLIARDS
117

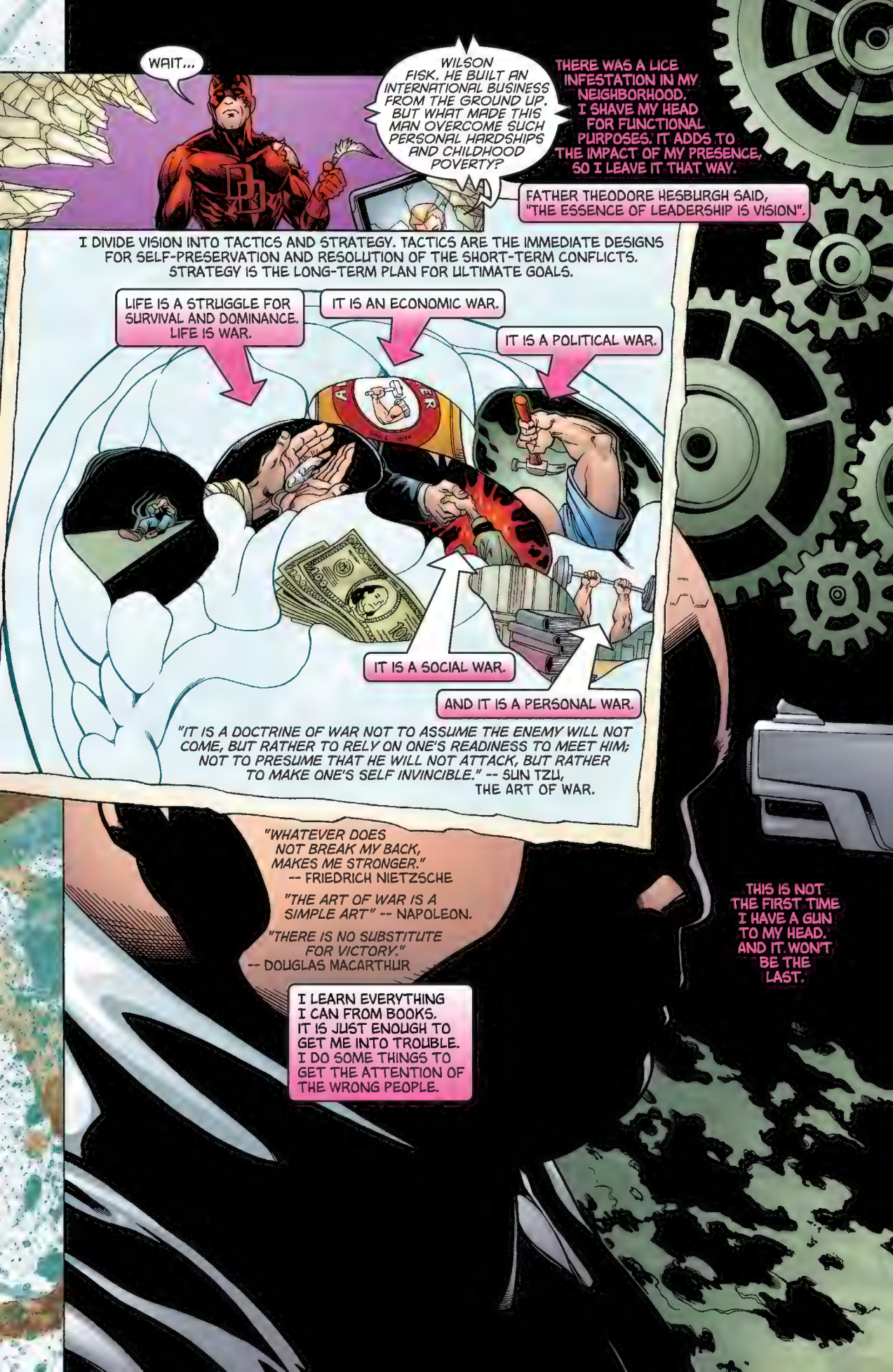

I HATE IT. IT HORRIFIES ME. MY PARENTS FIGHT MORE AND MORE. NO FOOD. NO MONEY. NO RENT.
BLAH BLAH BLAH BILLS BLAH BLAH BLAH RENT
IT'S ALWAYS WORSE WHEN SOMETHING GETS TURNED OFF.
THIS TIME IT'S THE HEAT.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IS FROZEN STIFF.
MONEY BECOMES A SYMBOL OF IMPORTANCE TO ME.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
THERE IS NO HEAT.
I MAKE SOME.
A UNION MAN GIVES ME FIFTEEN DOLLARS TO START A FIRE.
ONE LINCOLN AND ONE HAMILTON.
A MAINTENANCE MAN GETS IN MY WAY.
HE GOES UP IN FLAMES.
I AM TWELVE YEARS OLD.

MY FIRST TWO NAMES ARE PRESIDENTS. MY LAST NAME SOUNDS LIKE FIST. RHYMES WITH RISK. AT SCHOOL, THE KIDS DON'T CALL ME ANY OF THESE.
NICE CLOTHES, FATTY!
FATTY, FATTY, TWO BY FOUR, CAN'T FIT THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR!
YOU SMELL!
I BEGIN TO CRY.
CONFLICT...
...HORROR...
...FEAR...
...ISOLATION...
THESE ARE MY ENEMIES.
SOMETHING INSIDE ME CHANGES.

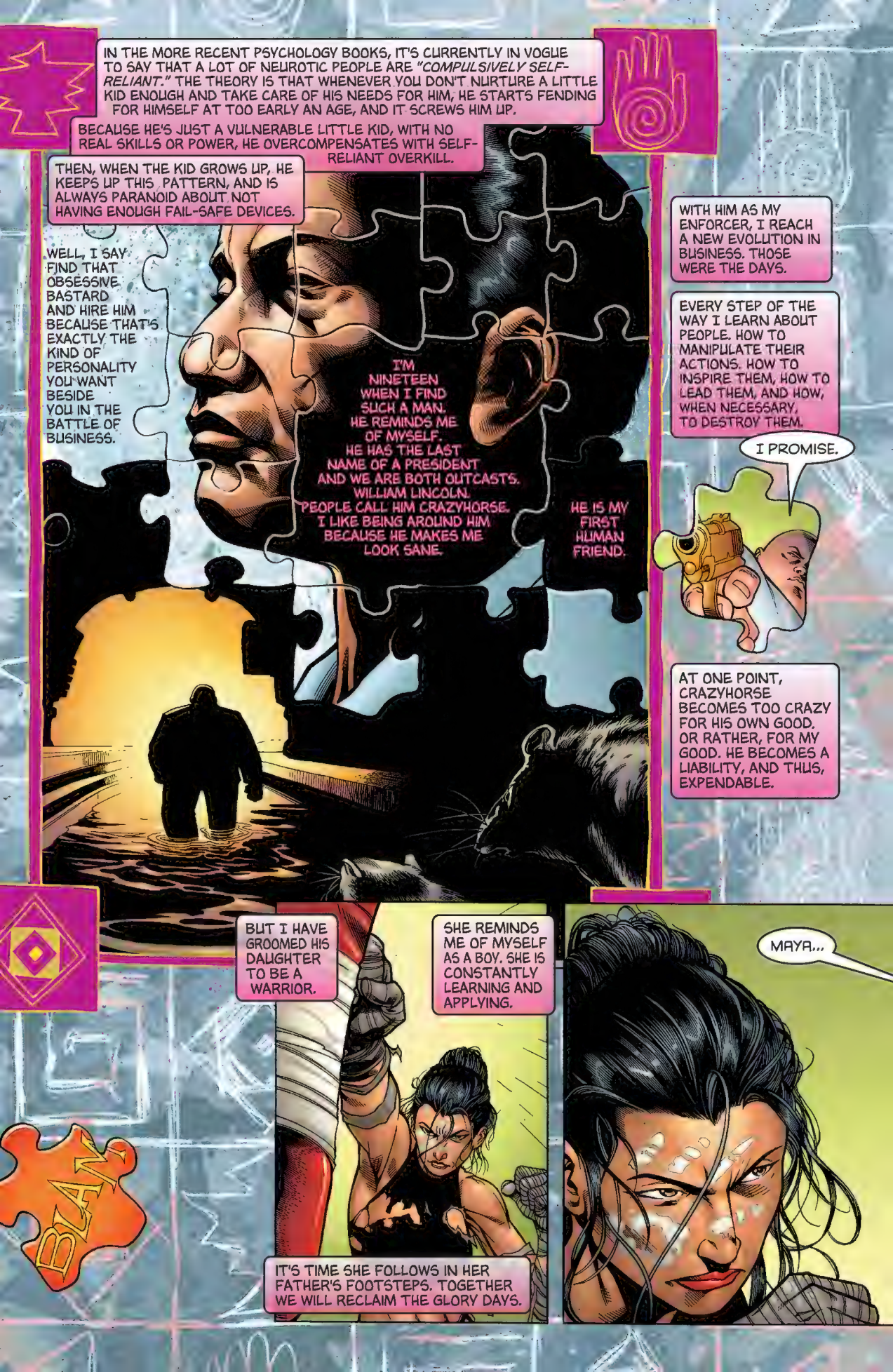
I MAKE A FRIEND OF CONFLICT.
I MAKE A FRIEND OF HORROR.
I MAKE A FRIEND OF FEAR.
I MAKE A FRIEND OF ISOLATION.
THESE ARE THE ONLY FRIENDS I HAVE.
AFTER HITTING BACK, I GET A REPUTATION FROM THE YOUNGER KIDS. I TURN MY OBESITY FROM A SUBJECT OF RIDICULE INTO AN INTIMIDATION FACTOR.
THE SMALLER KIDS PAY ME THEIR LUNCH MONEY FOR "PROTECTION FEES."
I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME ALONE IN THE LIBRARY. HERE, MY EYES ARE OPENED TO LARGER WORLDS THAN MY OWN. I DEVELOP MY PRINCIPLES OF LEADERSHIP.
I DEVELOP VISION.
400
562

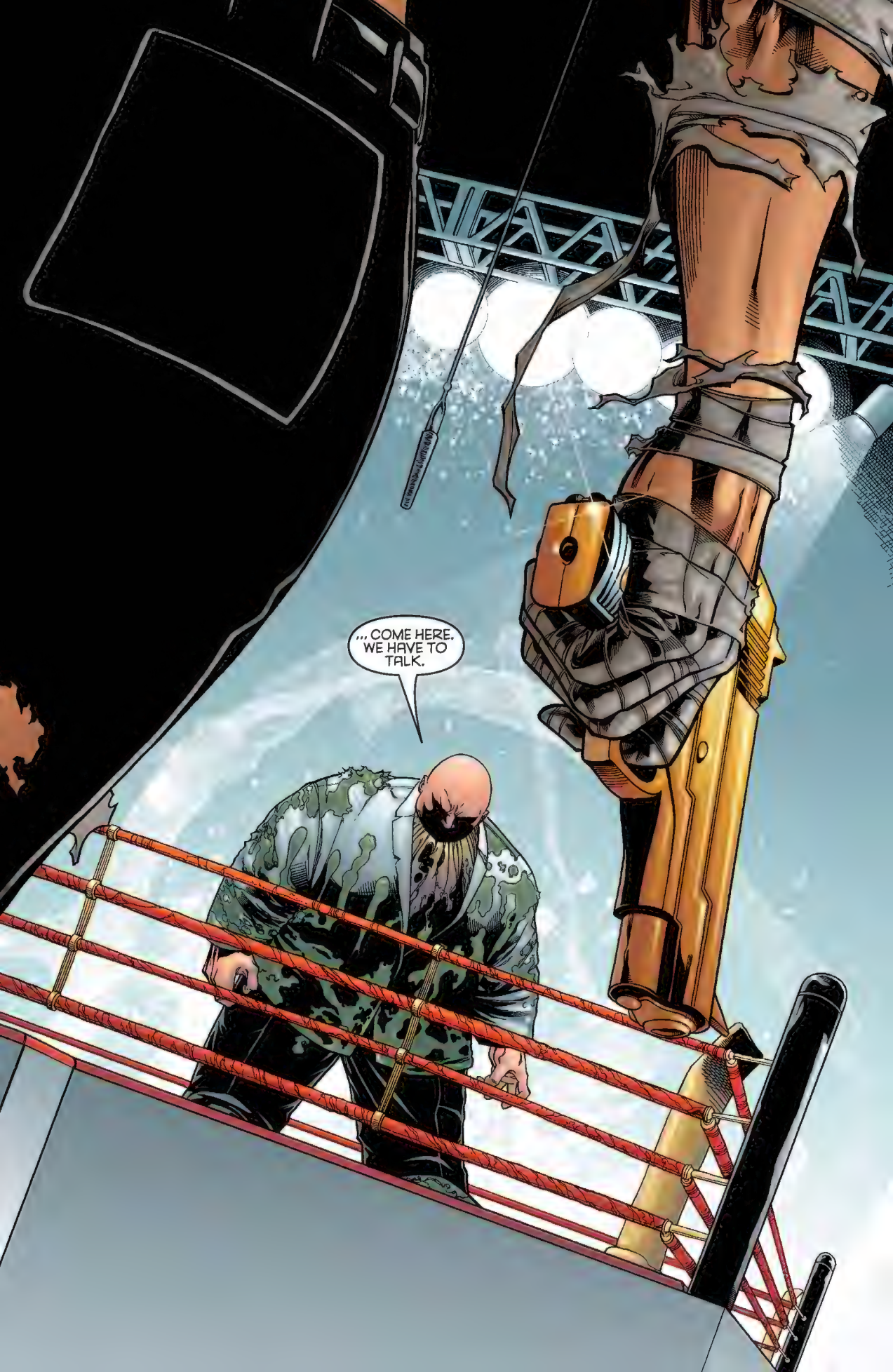
A SCREAM OF DISTANT SIRENS JOINS THE CACOPHONY.
WAP
AT LAST I CATCH HER THROUGH A HOLE IN THE NOISE. I SMOTHER HER MOVEMENTS BY HOLDING HER CLOSE.
HER SCENT ENVELOPS ME AND I CAN'T HELP BUT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I HELD HER.
THAT DAY WAS MAGIC.
HER LAST PUNCH REOPENED MY CHEEK WOUND.
YOUR BLOOD...
AND SHE KNOWS.
...IT'S LIKE A QUESTION MARK!
NO MORE QUESTIONS, YOUR HONOR.

MATT?!
YOU'RE FINALLY READING MY LIPS.
DAREDEVIL COULDN'T HAVE KILLED YOUR FATHER.
I WAS IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WHEN HE WAS KILLED.
MATT... I DON'T... YOU'RE DAREDEVIL?
SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO REACT.
SHE WANTS TO SAY "THEN WHO KILLED MY FATHER?"
BUT IN HER HEART...
...SHE ALREADY KNOWS.
MAYA, WAIT!

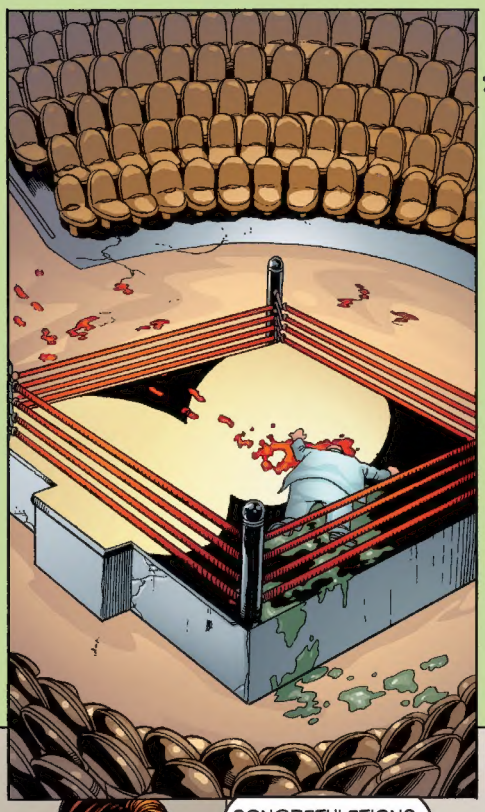

WAIT...
WILSON FISK. HE BUILT AN INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS FROM THE GROUND UP. BUT WHAT MADE THIS MAN OVERCOME SUCH PERSONAL HARDSHIPS AND CHILDHOOD POVERTY?
THERE WAS A LICE INFESTATION IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD. I SHAVE MY HEAD FOR FUNCTIONAL PURPOSES. IT ADDS TO THE IMPACT OF MY PRESENCE, SO I LEAVE IT THAT WAY.
FATHER THEODORE HESBURGH SAID, "THE ESSENCE OF LEADERSHIP IS VISION".
I DIVIDE VISION INTO TACTICS AND STRATEGY. TACTICS ARE THE IMMEDIATE DESIGNS FOR SELF-PRESERVATION AND RESOLUTION OF THE SHORT-TERM CONFLICTS. STRATEGY IS THE LONG-TERM PLAN FOR ULTIMATE GOALS.
LIFE IS A STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL AND DOMINANCE. LIFE IS WAR.
IT IS AN ECONOMIC WAR.
IT IS A POLITICAL WAR.
IT IS A SOCIAL WAR.
AND IT IS A PERSONAL WAR.
"IT IS A DOCTRINE OF WAR NOT TO ASSUME THE ENEMY WILL NOT COME, BUT RATHER TO RELY ON ONE'S READINESS TO MEET HIM; NOT TO PRESUME THAT HE WILL NOT ATTACK, BUT RATHER TO MAKE ONE'S SELF INVINCIBLE." -- SUN TZU, THE ART OF WAR.
"WHATEVER DOES NOT BREAK MY BACK, MAKES ME STRONGER." -- FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
"THE ART OF WAR IS A SIMPLE ART" -- NAPOLEON.
"THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY." -- DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
I LEARN EVERYTHING I CAN FROM BOOKS. IT IS JUST ENOUGH TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE. I DO SOME THINGS TO GET THE ATTENTION OF THE WRONG PEOPLE.
THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I HAVE A GUN TO MY HEAD. AND IT WON'T BE THE LAST.

THE SAME THING HAPPENS UPON MY RETURN FROM MY FIRST TRIP TO THE ORIENT. WHILE I AM GONE, MY LIEUTENANTS TRY TO FILL THE VOID. A COUP. THERE ARE FOUR OF THEM AGAINST ME.
SO I FIGURE THEM HAVING THE GUN MAKES US EVEN.
MUSASHI'S BOOK OF FIVE RINGS DEALS WITH WAR AS A PURELY PRAGMATIC ENTERPRISE.
KRAK
HE FOCUSES ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PHYSICS OF LETHAL ASSAULT AND DECISIVE VICTORY AS THE ESSENCE OF WARFARE.
THE TRUE SCIENCE OF MARTIAL ARTS MEANS PRACTICING THEM IN SUCH A WAY THAT THEY WILL BE USEFUL AT ANY TIME, AND TO LEARN THEM IN SUCH A WAY THAT THEY WILL BE USEFUL IN ALL THINGS.
LIKE MAKING A GOOD EXAMPLE.
MUSASHI KILLED HIS FIRST MAN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.
I BEAT HIM BY ONE YEAR.

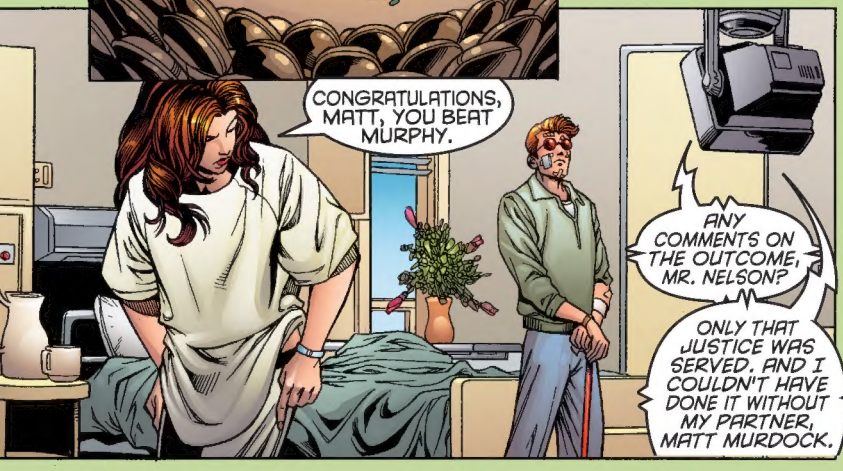

IN THE MORE RECENT PSYCHOLOGY BOOKS, IT'S CURRENTLY IN VOGUE TO SAY THAT A LOT OF NEUROTIC PEOPLE ARE *"COMPULSIVELY SELF-RELIANT."* THE THEORY IS THAT WHENEVER YOU DON'T NURTURE A LITTLE KID ENOUGH AND TAKE CARE OF HIS NEEDS FOR HIM, HE STARTS FENDING FOR HIMSELF AT TOO EARLY AN AGE, AND IT SCREWS HIM UP.
BECAUSE HE'S JUST A VULNERABLE LITTLE KID, WITH NO REAL SKILLS OR POWER, HE OVERCOMPENSATES WITH SELF-RELIANT OVERKILL.
THEN, WHEN THE KID GROWS UP, HE KEEPS UP THIS PATTERN, AND IS ALWAYS PARANOID ABOUT NOT HAVING ENOUGH FAIL-SAFE DEVICES.
WELL, I SAY FIND THAT OBSESSIVE BASTARD AND HIRE HIM BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY THE KIND OF PERSONALITY YOU WANT BESIDE YOU IN THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.
I'M NINETEEN WHEN I FIND SUCH A MAN. HE REMINDS ME OF MYSELF. HE HAS THE LAST NAME OF A PRESIDENT AND WE ARE BOTH OUTCASTS. WILLIAM LINCOLN. PEOPLE CALL HIM CRAZYHORSE. I LIKE BEING AROUND HIM BECAUSE HE MAKES ME LOOK SANE.
HE IS MY FIRST HUMAN FRIEND.
WITH HIM AS MY ENFORCER, I REACH A NEW EVOLUTION IN BUSINESS. THOSE WERE THE DAYS.
EVERY STEP OF THE WAY I LEARN ABOUT PEOPLE. HOW TO MANIPULATE THEIR ACTIONS. HOW TO INSPIRE THEM, HOW TO LEAD THEM, AND HOW, WHEN NECESSARY, TO DESTROY THEM.
I PROMISE.
AT ONE POINT, CRAZYHORSE BECOMES TOO CRAZY FOR HIS OWN GOOD. OR RATHER, FOR MY GOOD. HE BECOMES A LIABILITY, AND THUS, EXPENDABLE.
BUT I HAVE GROOMED HIS DAUGHTER TO BE A WARRIOR.
SHE REMINDS ME OF MYSELF AS A BOY. SHE IS CONSTANTLY LEARNING AND APPLYING.
IT'S TIME SHE FOLLOWS IN HER FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS. TOGETHER WE WILL RECLAIM THE GLORY DAYS.
MAYA...
BLAM


,,, COME HERE. WE HAVE TO TALK.

I KNOW YOU KILLED MY FATHER.
WE HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER, MAYA. WE NEED EACH OTHER.
Click
I MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE. PROMISE ME YOU WON'T FORGET THAT.
I PROMISE.
BLAM!



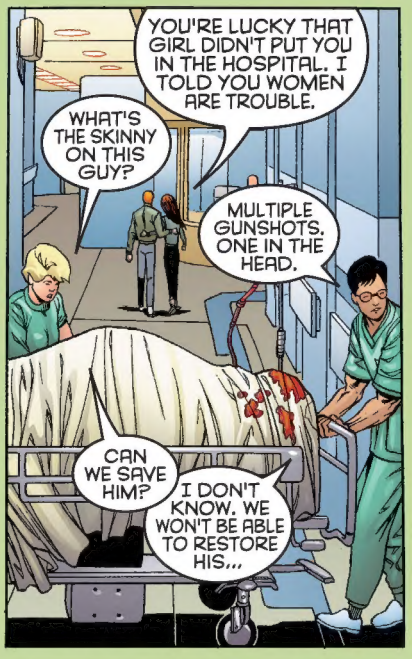
WE ARE OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE WHERE IT LOOKS LIKE ACE LAWYER FOGGY NELSON HAS PUT "TWIN KILLER" MURPHY AWAY FOR LIFE--
--WITHOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF PAROLE FOR THE MURDER OF LENNY CEBULSKI.
MR. MURPHY, DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT ON THE VERDICT?
YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONES YOU LOVE.
THERE YOU HAVE IT, FOLKS. AND NOW HERE COMES MR. NELSON.


CONGRATULATIONS, MATT, YOU BEAT MURPHY.
ANY COMMENTS ON THE OUTCOME, MR. NELSON?
ONLY THAT JUSTICE WAS SERVED. AND I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT MY PARTNER, MATT MURDOCK.

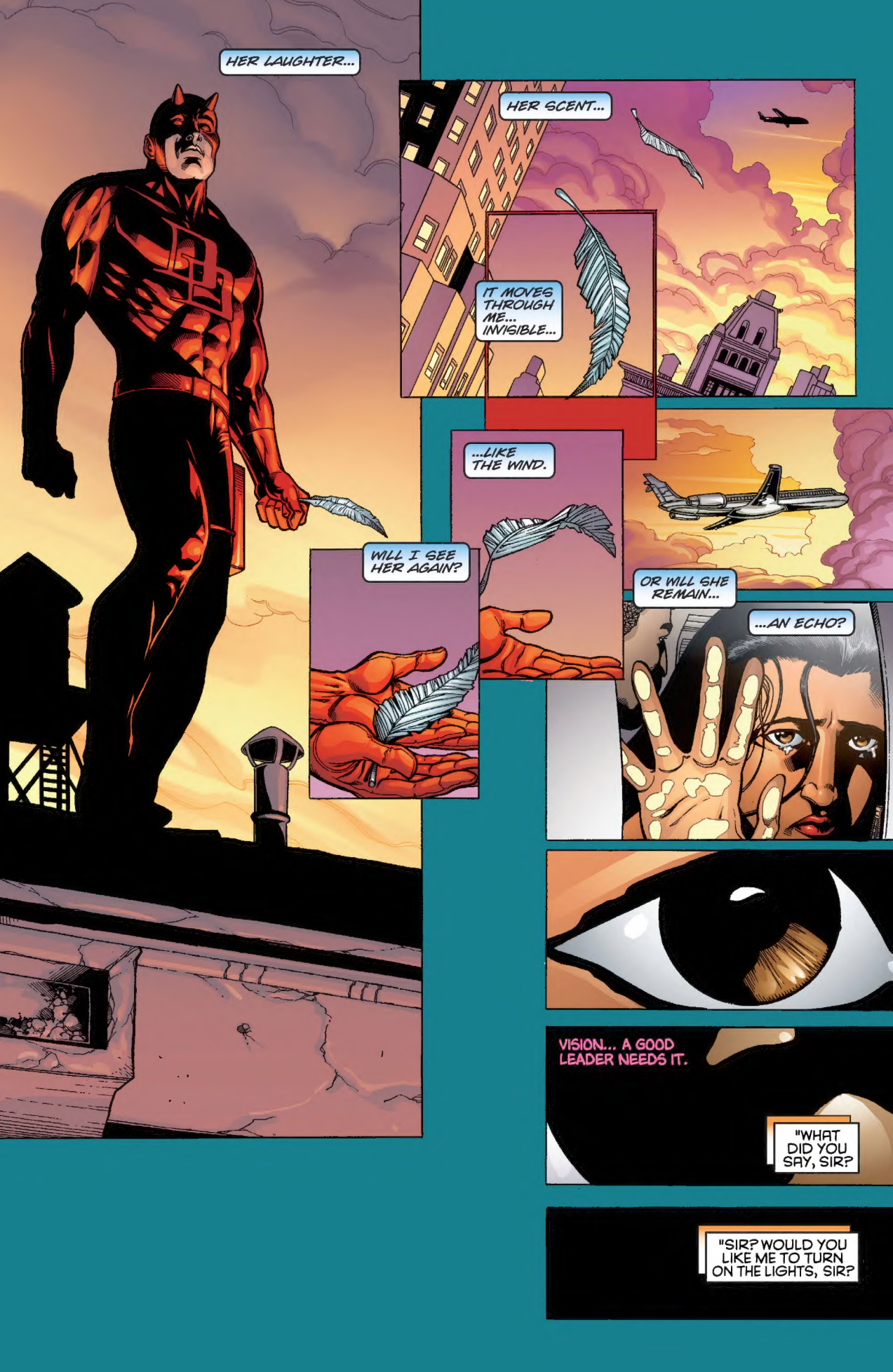
DID I?
I HATE HOSPITAL GOWNS. DON'T LOOK.

VERY FUNNY.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE REPORTERS COME.

I'M SORRY YOU ENDED UP IN THE HOSPITAL.
WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?


YOU'RE LUCKY THAT GIRL DIDN'T PUT YOU IN THE HOSPITAL. I TOLD YOU WOMEN ARE TROUBLE.
WHAT'S THE SKINNY ON THIS GUY?
MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS. ONE IN THE HEAD.
CAN WE SAVE HIM?
I DON'T KNOW. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESTORE HIS...

VISION...
IT'S SOMETHING I SPEAK OF IN THE ABSTRACT.
IT'S SOMETHING I HAVE ONLY WHEN I'M DREAMING...
...OR WHEN I'M PLAYING MUSIC...
...OR WHEN I'M LISTENING TO IT.
VISION IS SOMETHING THAT I HAVE ONLY IN THE EYE OF MY MIND.


HER LAUGHTER...
HER SCENT...
IT MOVES THROUGH ME... INVISIBLE...
...LIKE THE WIND.
WILL I SEE HER AGAIN?
OR WILL SHE REMAIN...
...AN ECHO?
VISION... A GOOD LEADER NEEDS IT.
"WHAT DID YOU SAY, SIR?
"SIR? WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TURN ON THE LIGHTS, SIR?

NO, WEBSTER.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.
END